O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeuen times ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be paid with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!
*Ophe.* They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
*Laer.* Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.
*Ophe.* You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſters Daughter,
*Laer.* This nothing's more then matter.
*Ophe.* There's Roſemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.
*Laer.* A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
*Ophe.* There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for you, and heere's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father died, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.
*Laer.* Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettineſſe.
*Ophe.* And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercie on his ſoule, and all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy yous.
*Laer.* Doe you this O God.
*King.* *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make



Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.
*Laer.* Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No Trophæ, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.
*King.* So you ſhall,
And where th' Offence is, let the great axe fall,
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio and others.*

*Hora.* What are they that would ſpeake with me?
*Gen.* Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.
*Hora.* Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*
*Say.* God bleſſe you ſir.
*Hora.* Let him bleſſe thee too.
*Say.* A ſhall ſir, and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came from the Embaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.
*Hor.* *Horatio*, when thou ſhalt haue ouer-look't this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much ſpeed as thou would'ſt flie death. I haue words to ſpeake in thine eare

will